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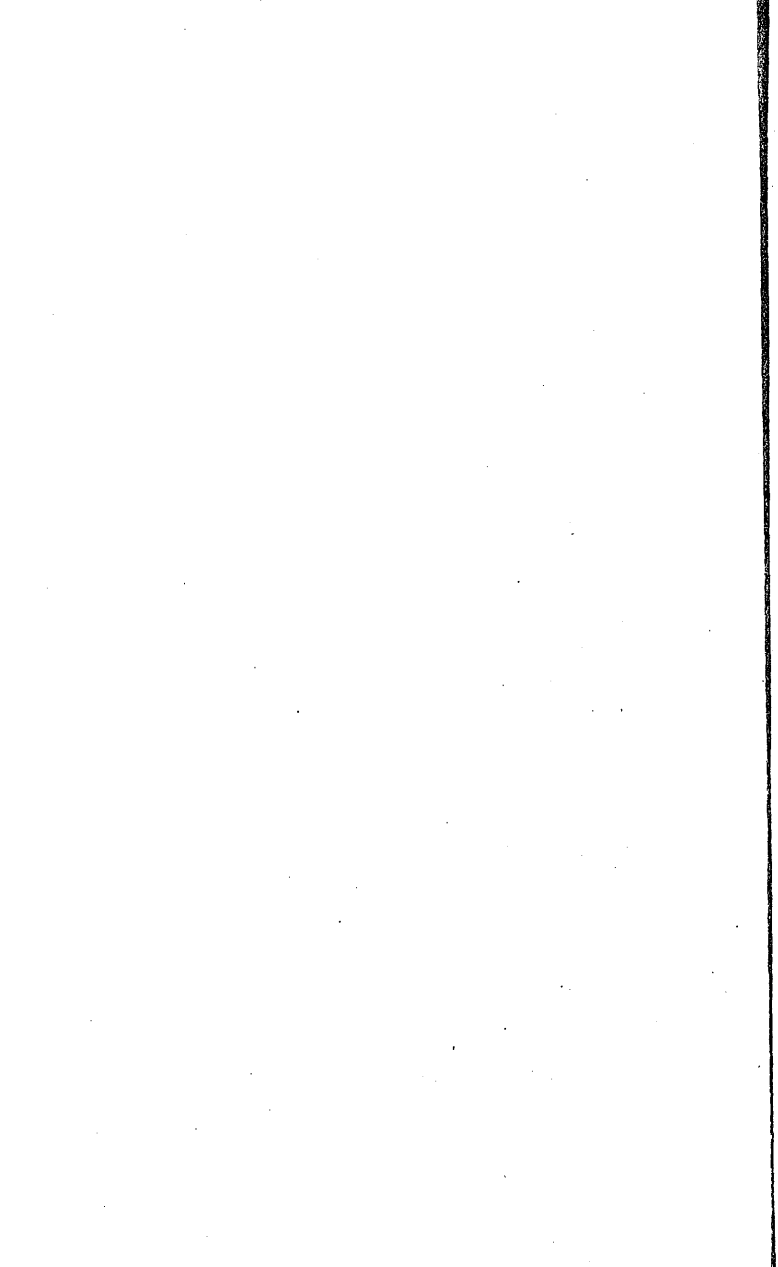
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Forward Movement Mission Studies
(GRADED SERIES)

BOOK V

(For the Intermediate Department)

MEN OF MARK
IN MODERN MISSIONS

By
Howard B. Grose

Given by Mrs. Franklin Jones

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Editorial Foreword

THE Christian world is laying increasing emphasis upon the paramount value of religious education with the passing of every year. This is due largely to the modern revival of interest in Bible study and the new appreciation of the place of religion in life. It is becoming more and more apparent that missionary education is one of the most important aspects of all religious training. To enable our Baptist churches to meet the demand for this missionary education a Baptist Forward Movement for Missionary Education was organized. All our Northern Baptist missionary organizations are united in this Movement.

It seemed essential to the success of the Movement that there should be issued a series of graded mission studies for the Sunday-schools. To the Editorial Committee of the Movement was assigned the task of preparing these lessons. At the first meeting of the committee, it found that the Publication Society was already contemplating the issuing of a series of graded missionary studies. The Society, however, gladly accepted the scheme of studies as outlined by the Editorial Committee of the Forward Movement, and the committee therefore concluded an arrangement with the Publication Society for the publication of the same, under the joint imprint of the Society and the Baptist Forward Movement for Missionary Edu-

cation, the Publication Society to assume all expense of publication. The selection of writers and the working out of the scheme has been under the direction of the Editorial Committee, and we now offer these graded missionary studies to our Baptist Sunday-schools, and sincerely hope that our Sunday-schools and churches will find them of increasing interest and value in training a generation of Sunday-school pupils committed by intelligence and spirit to the missionary enterprises of the kingdom. (For list of studies, see third page of cover.)

These studies may be used in several ways: First, as supplemental lessons to the regular Bible study; secondly, as regular studies for various classes during a different period—say two months in schools where graded lessons are in use this plan may be happily adopted; thirdly, they may be used in special meetings of the class at some hour other than the regular Sunday-school session; fourthly, they will furnish splendid missionary training for our Sunday-school teachers as well as the pupils.

F. P. HAGGARD, *Chairman.*

H. T. MUSSELMAN, *Secretary.*

H. L. MOREHOUSE,

MARY C. REYNOLDS,

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LESSON I

ROGER WILLIAMS

The Apostle of Soul Liberty

In the year 1620, the very year in which the Mayflower landed the Pilgrims at Plymouth, a boy of perhaps fourteen years of age was busily taking notes of a speech or sermon in the Star Chamber of London—a famous institution in which both sermons and legal arguments were delivered. You might well wonder what possible connection there could be between that boy—son of a London tailor—and that Massachusetts colony away off beyond the sea. Wait a little until the story reveals it. It is altogether a most remarkable story. No novelist could invent one half so strange or interesting.

As the boy was rapidly taking his notes, he attracted the attention of a lawyer, who was listening to the speaker. The boy was so much in earnest that when the speech was done the lawyer asked him what he was doing. Then the lawyer asked to see the notes, and, to his surprise, found that the boy had made an excellent abstract of the address. This betokened unusual ability, and there were more questions. The lawyer happened to be interested in bright boys who were in earnest, as this one plainly was. When the lawyer learned that the boy was bound to get an education, and was trying to educate himself by taking notes in court and chapel, since his father

was too poor to send him to school, the outcome was that he offered to educate the boy; to which his parents consented.

That lawyer was Sir Edward Coke, and that boy was Roger Williams—and the names of both of them are known wherever law and liberty are recognized and revered, and will be known as long as England and the United States remain in history or memory.

Was it not strange? What trivial events shape our lives! A simple task and a chance meeting—that was all, as it seemed. But the task had a purpose and a will behind it, and the meeting opened the door of education, which made possible the great work the boy was to do for the world. Do not think of it as chance, however. There is no chance in the world which God rules. It is not luck but pluck, that makes great men out of boys who mean to do something worth while.

Sir Edward Coke's Friendship

Sir Edward Coke sent Roger Williams to Charter House School, another famous London institution at which many English boys, poor but purposeful, have been fitted for large careers. From this preparatory school he went to Pembroke College in the great Cambridge University, and won high rank as a scholar. It was the hope of his friend and patron, Sir Edward, that he would choose the law as his profession, but his tastes were more for theology, and he entered the ministry of the Church of England. Of his religious life he tells us, in quaint language, "From my childhood, the Father of lights and mercies touched my soul with a love for himself, to his only begotten, the true Lord Jesus, and to his holy Scriptures." He was soon recognized as an eloquent

preacher, and also as a young man with decided opinions. At this time the Puritans were a rising power in England, and Cromwell and Milton were leading spirits in the struggle for human liberty. Roger Williams was naturally on their side. He did not believe that the State should have anything to say about one's religious convictions, nor the Church have any direct connection with the State. From the first he held that every man should be free to worship God according to his own conscience. He could not agree to be bound by the prayer book of the State Church, and so decided that he would leave England, and join the new Puritan colony in America, where he thought all men were free. High position was open to him in England, if he would remain and keep still about his peculiar views. But he was unable to keep still; he had the pioneer spirit; and more than that, he had a strong missionary zeal, and thought he might do something to help the American Indians, and give them the gospel.

So, you see, that tailor's son was to have some connection with the Massachusetts colony. But he little dreamed what he was to do in the new world. The one thing he expected to do was to follow his convictions, no matter what came of it. And very exciting things did come of it, as we shall soon see.

A Missionary to America

It was ten years after the Mayflower landed her passengers at Plymouth that the good ship Lyon, after a tedious and stormy voyage of sixty-five days, arrived off Nantasket, having among her passengers Roger Williams and his wife Mary. His arrival was noted as that of a "godly minister," and he was heartily welcomed. He was

invited to become teacher of the church in Boston, but declined, and went to the church in Salem instead—Salem, famous later for the witchcraft cases. Now he met with his bitter disappointment, for he discovered that the new country was not free, as he had supposed; that the Church really controlled the State more closely than in England; that no man could be a “freeman” and vote unless he was a member of some one of the churches; and that the civil government punished those judged guilty of spiritual faults. All this was directly opposed to what Roger Williams believed, and he said so. He protested that every man should be free in his religion, and that the State had no right to punish a man for disobeying Church rules. This made him bitter enemies in Boston, and after two years he had to leave Salem for Plymouth, where the Pilgrims were more tolerant. Here he preached his doctrines of soul liberty, and when some of the brethren objected, he went back to Salem, where the people wanted him in spite of the Boston court’s decree against him.

Of course, this was a sort of defiance, and, in consequence, Roger Williams was banished from the colony of Massachusetts by order of the General Court. Very likely what led to this extreme act was Williams’ written declaration that the colonists could not justly derive title to their lands from English grants but only by purchase from the rightful owners, the Indians. Williams was always careful to buy his land from the Indians, and thus made them his firm friends. If the colonists had followed his example, what wars and sufferings they might have been spared! But it seemed easier to banish Williams than to do right; and so he was notified that within six weeks he must leave the country.

To make sure of it, officers were sent to Salem to apprehend him, and place him upon an English ship. But he was not to be found. It was in midwinter, a bad time for travel by water or in the wilderness, but Roger Williams had disappeared, and nothing was heard of him for many months. Just how he made his way from Salem to Narragansett Bay, where he founded the city of Providence and State of Rhode Island, cannot be known with Certainty. Oddly enough, there are two views, each having much to support it. One is that Williams, with five of his Salem neighbors and followers, left that place in a small sloop belonging to Williams, and made their way down the coast, stopping at various points, and making inland trips to visit native chiefs to whom Williams was known. The other view, held until recently by the historians, is that Williams made his way through the forests and wilderness, guided by a friendly Indian, and welcomed by the Indians along the way. In either case, the fourteen weeks were a period of great hardship and peril; there is no doubt of that; and it was a cruel thing to carry out a sentence of banishment at such a time. The only authentic account of that winter journey is that given by the fugitive himself, and here it is in his own words:

“When I was unkindly and unchristianly, as I believe, driven from my house and land and wife and children, in midst of a New England winter, now about thirty-five years past, at Salem, that ever-honored Governor Winthrop wrote me privately to steer my course to the Narragansett Bay and Indians, for many high and heavenly and public ends encouraging me, from the freeness of the place from any English claims or patents. I took his prudent motion as a hint and voice from God, and waiv-

ing all other thoughts and motions, I steered my course from Salem—though in winter snow, which I feel yet—unto these parts, wherein I may see say Peniel; that is, I have seen the face of God. I first pitched, and began to build and plant at Seekonk, now Rehoboth; but I received a letter from my ancient friend, Mr. Winslow, then governor of Plymouth, professing his own and others' love and respect to me, yet lovingly advising me, since I was fallen into the edge of their bounds, and they were loath to displease the Bay, to remove to the other side of the water; and then he said I had the country free before me, and might be as free as themselves, and we should be loving neighbors together. . .

“Surely I was sorely tossed, for one fourteen weeks, in a bitter winter season, not knowing what bed or bread did mean. It pleased the Father of Spirits to touch many hearts dear to him with some relentings; amongst which that great and pious soul, Mr. Winslow, melted and kindly visited me, at Providence, and put a piece of gold into the hands of my wife for our supply.”

Among the Indians

This was in 1636, and in the latter part of June we see Williams, with his four companions, embarking in his canoe at Seekonk to seek a spot beyond the jurisdiction of both Massachusetts and Plymouth Colonies. He proceeded down the Seekonk River, and according to tradition, as his little bark approached the eastern bank of that river, at “Slate Rock,” Williams and his companions were greeted by a company of Indians with the friendly salutation, “What cheer, Netop?” This salutation, which they had learned from the English traders, is commemorated in Whatcheer Street in Providence, and in

a place by that name. Williams did not choose that spot for his settlement, but passed around the headlands now known as Indian and Fox Points, and entered Mooshau-sick River. Here he landed, and upon the ascending slope of the hill began the first settlement of Rhode Island, to which, in gratitude to "God's merciful providence to him in his distress," he gave the name of Providence.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine,
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God!

The first thing Williams did was to arrange with the chiefs Canonicus and Miantonomo of the Narragansetts—chiefs whom he had made his firm friends by his kindness and honesty and his missionary visits while he was in Plymouth—for the purchase of the land which he wished for his settlement. It was now possible for Roger Williams to be of great service, not only to the Indians, but also to the whites; and it was a noble service he rendered to the very men who had banished him. By his influence with the Indian sachems or chiefs he prevented many a murderous expedition and prevented an Indian league that would have imperiled all the white people. Like William Penn, Williams seemed to inspire confidence and love in the Indians. They knew he was their friend, and he never broke his word to them. He tells us how he learned their languages, in order that he might preach

the gospel to them; and how he spent many an hour in their filthy and smoky wigwams that he might win their friendship. When he went to England to secure a charter for his colony of Rhode Island, he published his "Key to the Indian Language."

We have in Williams' own words an account of the perilous mission he undertook when the powerful tribe of the Pequods was trying to induce the Narragansetts to join them in an attack on the English. Knowing his influence with the Narragansetts, Massachusetts Bay Colony begged Williams to prevent this proposed league. He says:

"The Lord helped me immediately to put my life into my hand, and scarce acquainting my wife, to ship myself alone in a poor canoe, and to cut through a stormy wind with great seas, every minute in hazard of life, to the sachem's house. Three days and nights my business forced me to lodge and mix with the bloody Pequod ambassadors, whose hands and arms, methought, reeked with the blood of my countrymen, murdered and massacred by them on the Connecticut River, and from whom I could not but nightly look for their bloody knives at my own throat also. But God wondrously preserved me, and helped me to break to pieces the Pequods' negotiation and design; and to make and finish, by many travels and changes, the English league with the Narragansetts and Mohegans against the Pequods."

This is a very simple statement of a very heroic deed, by which Roger Williams did more than any other single human agency to preserve the American colonies from destruction. He has never had half enough credit for this service. An attack by the combined Indian tribes at that time might have changed history.

The Founder of Rhode Island

This was the man who founded Rhode Island as a place of absolute religious liberty—the only civil government of the kind then known on the face of the earth. “I desired it might be for a shelter for persons distressed for conscience,” he said in the confirmatory deed made in 1661. Having suffered himself for the sake of conscience, he wished to have one place where no one should suffer for a similar reason. His is the honor of planting this great principle of soul liberty on this continent. To-day it is the acknowledged foundation principle of our great republic. Do not forget the debt we all owe to Roger Williams for advocating and practising it at the peril of his life.

After a time, some Baptists who were persecuted in Massachusetts because they did not submit to the church rules, and insisted upon meeting in their own houses, emigrated to Rhode Island, there finding welcome and refuge, as did all who came. Roger Williams was led to study their beliefs, and found that the Scriptures formed the basis of their teachings and practices. So he found himself drawn toward this sect, says Straus, “which, throughout its entire history, preached the gospel of love, abhorred and abstained from persecution, and preeminently maintained the rights of conscience. Williams was formally baptized by Holyman, and then in turn administered the rite to him and ten others.” And these baptized believers organized the first Baptist church in America—the venerable First Baptist Church of Providence. It is not strange that the Baptists venerate the name of Roger Williams, founder of a free religious State, missionary to the Indians, one of the bravest and most heroic men this country of ours has known. And

all Americans who love liberty and honor and nobility of soul, join in honoring the name of this great apostle of soul liberty. He continued his labors for the colony he founded and governed, and for the Indians whose good he ever sought, up to the close of his life at seventy-seven years; and he could truthfully say of the State which he established—State little in territory, but great in principles, “Our charter excels all in New England, or in the world, as to the souls of men.”

That was the mighty task accomplished for freedom in the new world by the London tailor boy, who was trying to educate himself by taking notes of a sermon. Only God can see in the boys of to-day his great leaders of to-morrow.

Questions

1. What is soul liberty?
2. Who was the great apostle of soul liberty?
3. Where was he born?
4. Why did he come to America?
5. What kind of people did he work with here?
6. What great State did he found?
7. Why did he become a Baptist?

LESSON II

JOHN MASON PECK

The Pioneer who Carried the Sunday-school Across the Mississippi

Go to St. Louis to-day, and you find a great and beautiful city, with nearly a million people, numerous skyscrapers, hundreds of fine churches and schools, miles of boulevards and palatial homes; every evidence of progress, wealth, and culture. If you had gone there in 1817, you would have landed in a frontier outpost on the Mississippi, and have found a very mixed condition of affairs. Settlers were pouring into the Louisiana Purchase, and business was "booming." Every place of shelter was occupied, California prices were charged for eatables, and rents were a good deal higher than the little buildings, which were mostly of one story, with two or three rooms. A resident of that day divides the people into four classes: the professional, mercantile, and military, which was worldly, but respectable and honorable; the French, courteous, respectable, and intelligent; the infidel class of the Anglo-American population, comprising fully one-half of it; and the Negroes, both free and bond, who were about on a moral plane with the infidels. The latter are described as "of a low and indecent grade, utterly worthless for any useful purpose of society. They despised and vilified religion, were vulgarly profane,

even to the worst forms of blasphemy, and poured out scoffings and contempt on the few Christians in the village. Their nightly orgies were scenes of drunkenness and profane revelry. Among the frantic rites observed were the mock celebration of the Lord's Supper and the burning of the Bible. The last ceremony consisted in raking a place in the hot coals of a wood fire, and burying therein the book of God with shoutings, mock prayers, and ribald songs. The boast was often made that the Sabbath never had crossed, and never should cross the Mississippi." In such a frontier community one would expect to find gambling, drinking, and revelry; and in that day, dueling was not uncommon as an "affair of honor." It was certainly a hard place for religious people, and the one person not much desired was the preacher.

It was on the first day of December, 1817, that an Ohio keelboat was made fast to the St. Louis levee, and a travel-stained and worn family was landed. The man of the family was sick with fever; but in spite of the boasts and threats of the infidels, he had carried the Sabbath over the river with him, and had come with the express purpose of starting a Baptist church. Before we learn how he got along with the infidels, let us find out where he came from, and why he had brought his little family so far away from the "down East" home into the Louisiana Purchase. There is an interesting story back of it, as there is in almost every life, if you can get at it.

To get at this story, we must go back to 1789, a year to be remembered in our history, because in that year the Constitution of the United States was adopted and George Washington was inaugurated on the fourth of

March, at the Federal Hall, in Wall Street, New York, as first President of the United States. More than seven months later (October 31) John Mason Peck was born in a little farmhouse in Litchfield, South Farms, in the Connecticut hills. Litchfield is mostly remembered because Dr. Lyman Beecher long preached there, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Henry Ward Beecher, America's most famous orator-preacher, were born there. But none of them did a greater work than Asa and Hannah Peck's son John, whose great-great-great-grandfather, Deacon Paul Peck, came from England in 1634, and was one of the Puritan founders of Connecticut. Blood will tell, as the boy proved.

Following the Story

So we see a regular country boy, an only child, living a good, wholesome life; sliding down hill in winter, fishing and swimming in summer—that is, when he was not in school or doing farmwork. Of this he had plenty to do, for his father was lame as well as poor, and from the time he was fourteen the boy was really man of the house. At school the boys and girls were taught to spell and read well, write a fair plain hand, and "do arithmetic up to interest." Then they had to "speak pieces" once a week, so as to show off before their families on closing days. If John is to be believed, he was "stupid and senseless" up to eighteen, made a mess of his grammar, and wrote poorly; but the neighbors thought better of him than he did of himself, and said, "he was no simpleton."

On Sunday you would be sure to see the boy with his parents at the Congregational church, for all respectable

people went to church in those days, and the children were not asked whether they wanted to go; they had to go. That meant two services—morning and afternoon—with the long sermons, so long that often the boys and girls (and not infrequently some of the elder folks as well) would go to sleep and have to be waked up by the watchful tithing man, who walked around and tapped sleepers on the head with his long pole.

The next picture is that of a revival meeting on the evening of December 15, 1807. We see a plain-speaking preacher, who makes the people feel their sins and tremble and weep. A lot of young folks are there—among them John Peck, a young man of eighteen, who had walked the three miles to the meeting out of curiosity. That was his night—the turning-point of his life. To use the terms they used, he was “convicted” and “converted.” He first felt that he was a lost sinner, then that he was forgiven by the loving Saviour, and he never was so happy before. Everything was different. Now he was ambitious to make something of himself. He thought that he ought to be a preacher, but saw no way open, and put the thought aside. He had his farm-work to do, his parents to care for, and no education. Then he married Sally Paine, who had come from New York State; they settled on the Peck farm, and it seemed as though that was where they were to stay.

But life is full of surprises. The moving fever caught the young folks. It would be easier to make a living somewhere else. In less than two years we see the three of them—for there is a baby Peck now—in a little settlement of eight families in the Catskills west of the Hudson, where the wife had lived as a girl. Imagine fifteen or twenty small clearings on the mountainside

and in the Big Hollow, and all around dense forests, and remember that was New York a century ago! Picture the young couple, John carrying the baby, climbing five miles over a mountain trail to reach the little Baptist church at New Durham. A warm welcome they got from the sociable church-members. A month later you might have seen them again walking the five miles, then "relating their experience" in a covenant meeting, and afterward going a half-mile with the people to a forest dell, through which ran a beautiful clear mountain stream, in which they were baptized. It was simple, but solemn. That was the beginning of the career of a great Baptist pioneer missionary.

Preacher and Missionary

The next picture shows us a preacher. The church people kept telling John Peck that it was his duty to preach. He found he had the "gift." There was great need of preachers for the small churches without regular pastors. First it was Catskill, where a school helped keep the family alive—for the church only paid the "penny collections," and in a whole year the preacher received from all sources a total of sixty-one dollars and ninety-five cents, including donations—and that for preaching one hundred and seventy-four times, or more than four times a week. But money was not what he was after. Men do not become ministers to make money. They know there is something that pays better, and John Peck had never been so happy as now. He was called to the little village of Amenia, not far from the Connecticut line, and there received enough to live on, after a very simple fashion, of course; but there were no rich people there, and the farmers remembered the min-

ister with potatoes and apples, if he did not raise enough of them in his own garden, and often they gave him other needed things.

Next we see a young minister reading a magazine, and this had almost as great an effect upon his future as that revival meeting in Connecticut. How little you can tell what is going to change your career! It is a copy of the "Baptist Missionary Magazine" that John Peck reads, and the thought of the millions of heathen without the gospel touches him with the missionary impulse. He saw the need at home and abroad. In his diary, after the wish that he was "so circumstanced" that he might be able to "bear the gospel into some distant pagan lands," he says: "A large part of the American continent is also involved in darkness. Yes, under the immediate government of the United States, there is an abundant field for missionary labor. How I should rejoice if Providence would open a door for my usefulness and labors in this way!"

The door opens. The appeal of Judson from India stirs the Baptists to enthusiasm. Luther Rice, a missionary from India, comes to America to arouse the churches. He preaches near Amenia, and Peck joins him in a missionary campaign, riding four hundred and fifty miles on horseback, much of the way through the unsettled country and the woods. The interest of Peck in the white people and the Indians in the far West grew until he decided to go, and now the door was wide. He studied hard to get ready for the new work, taking some medical lectures, so that he might be able to help in every possible way. It is wonderful how much he had done in the way of self-education since he was eighteen. He had taken up Greek, and Hebrew, and theology.

Nothing develops us like a high purpose, and his was the highest—to help others.

The next picture is one of the most interesting in missionary history. Imagine yourself in the town of Litchfield in July, 1817. It is Friday afternoon, the twenty-fifth. A little one-horse covered wagon stands before Asa Peck's door. In the home there is a pathetic farewell scene. The father and mother are about to part with their only son and his family, and never expect to see any of them again. The son reads the closing part of the twentieth chapter of the Acts, and they kneel down and pray together. The heroic mother hides her grief and says, "If the Lord hath need of him—only son as he is, and we are growing old—let his holy will be done." The father is less heroic, and groans aloud as the son places his wife and three children in the wagon, and amid the good-byes drives away from the door, starting on a journey of more than twelve hundred miles. It is not very much of a trip now from Connecticut to Missouri. You can take a train and travel in comfort, with a good bed at night, and in thirty hours you are in St. Louis. But in 1817 the first railroad had not been built in the United States; the telegraph was unknown; steamboats on the Hudson had been running only a few years, and that very year the first steamboat went up the Mississippi from New Orleans to St. Louis. On land, travel was by stage or private conveyance; and the roads were of every sort except good. It took over four months for that little family to reach its destination in the Louisiana Purchase; and it meant toil, exposure, and even peril. This was the route laid out: Litchfield to Philadelphia, two hundred miles; thence to Pittsburgh, over the mountains, three hundred; to Wheeling,

W. Va., sixty; to Zanesville, Ohio, fifty-five; to Chillicothe, Ohio, seventy-two; to the crossing of the Ohio, sixty-three; to Louisville, Ky., one hundred and forty-one; to Vincennes, Ind., one hundred and twenty-two; through the wilderness to Kaskaskia, Ill., one hundred and forty-five; to St. Louis, fifty-seven; total, one thousand two hundred and fifteen miles. They took ten days to Philadelphia, and had a week's stay there, making final preparations. To cross the Alleghanies required a month of the hardest kind of journeying. Going through Ohio took three weeks more, and it was October 23 when Kentucky was reached. Here another family joined them, for Missionary Welch had been appointed to accompany Mr. Peck. They got to Illinois, at Shawneetown, "a wretchedly appearing village," November 6, and felt that they were now on missionary ground indeed, where the gospel was seldom heard. Storms were raging, the Ohio River was already high, and they had a perilous voyage across it, to find themselves in a place where flood threatened to overwhelm them, while the mud rendered the prairie roads impassable. "Still I am not disheartened," writes the dauntless missionary. Mud, swollen creeks, continued rains, uncertainties ahead—but faith and good spirits through it all.

Sunday morning a boat came along, bound to St. Louis, and necessity seemed to compel the Peck family to take it, leaving the Welches to come later, with the teams, overland. We can imagine the father and mother and three children sharing with the captain the little six-by-ten cabin of the keelboat, which resembled a canal boat. After the still smaller covered wagon, these quarters seemed quite comfortable, and down the Ohio they

floated smoothly, instead of being constantly jolted. There followed a variety of experiences, including scanty supply of bread and potatoes; beautiful sunsets; thunderstorms with high wind, compelling them to stay in harbor; a night of terror, when the captain was away in search of food, and the boat was, with difficulty, kept from being swamped by the flood. But at last the Father of Waters was reached, and the boat was slowly dragged up stream against the strong current. The speed was not more than eight or ten miles a day, and it was three weeks from the embarkation at Shawneetown before St. Louis was sighted. For the last ten days of the time Mr. Peck was ill with fever, which greatly weakened him. One night there was great excitement, and the noise of rushing waters and hoarse cries. The captain entered the cabin a little later, pale and trembling, and told them that they had narrowly escaped going to the bottom, the boat having struck a submerged tree that had fallen in their course. Again the missionary's faith in Providence was strengthened.

The Zeal of the Worker

Once in St. Louis, and recovered from the fever, the missionary's zeal was irresistible. Sunday was a day of hilarity, with dances, social parties, all sorts of amusements, and gambling and other resorts in full swing. The stores were open with few exceptions, and in some of them more trading was done than on any other day, while the country carts and wagons came to market and sold provisions through the streets. People who went to church must expect to be laughed at. Peck found one good Baptist—a saddler and harnessmaker of fine reputation, who became a deacon of the little Baptist church,

and a strong supporter of it, and soon there was a regular service and a school established, for Missouri had no schools worthy of the name. Several of the best citizens had been recently killed in duels, and the fearless missionary preached a strong sermon against the practice, thus getting the attention and also the approval of the leading citizens. Even the gamblers admired bravery and pluck. The forces of righteousness steadily gained ground, and the influence of the infidels waned. The Sabbath had crossed the Mississippi to stay.

We cannot follow the brave missionary's career in detail. For forty years he continued his work in Missouri and Illinois. He had to make two or three trips to the East, to inspire new interest in the West. He was one of the founders of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and for many years one of its missionaries. He established more than fifty schools, as well as numerous churches. He founded Shurtleff College, and became its first president. He made missionary journeys, holding services where there had been none, trying to develop missionary interest and a truer life in the churches, seeking to improve the schools, and becoming guide and helper to a whole vast section of country that was rapidly settling.

When he found that few families had Bibles, and that it was very difficult to get them, he formed societies for their distribution, and became an agent of the American Bible Society for a time. To show the kind of life he lived, on one of his tours, lasting forty-five days, he rode on horseback eight hundred and thirty miles, preached twenty-seven times, formed five Bible societies, attended four Baptist Associations and two Methodist camp-meetings. On another route he rode over three

hundred miles. A third occupied fifty-three days, in which he traveled through eighteen counties in Illinois, and nine in Indiana, rode nine hundred and twenty-six miles, and formed many Sunday-schools. He traveled in all kinds of weather, and had all sorts of experiences, sleeping on the floor with a skin for mattress and saddle-tree for a pillow, swimming streams, encountering blizzards, eating unwholesome food, and sometimes going a long time without any. He called all these things "trifles, not worthy of one moment's anxious concern," and said a missionary must be able to go one or two days without food if necessary, or else he might as well go back to an easier life. He found his compensation in cases like that of carrying the gospel to a woman who, with eight members of her family, had lived fourteen years in the wilderness without a chance to hear a sermon or attend a meeting.

In the last years of his life, Doctor Peck became a secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society, seeking to promote the educational interests, which had always seemed to him of great importance. After three years of zealous service in this cause, he retired from active labor, but continued to engage in evangelistic and literary work until the end. Before that end came he saw a wonderful development of the West. He wrote in his journal: "When I reflect that but a few years since all this country was but one vast wilderness, I must exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!'" In October, 1857, he wrote, "I am literally worn out." He had driven himself hard for fifty years; and during forty of them had suffered the hardships and various fortunes of frontier life. Now, at the age of sixty-nine, he was ready to lay down his task. He died as Christian brave men die,

without fear, and his grave is in the beautiful Bellefontaine Cemetery of St. Louis, in the place where he won his greatest triumphs for the gospel.

Questions

1. Who was John Mason Peck?
2. Why did he go as a Sunday-school missionary?
3. Where was the first Sunday-school west of the Mississippi planted?
4. What do you think of the bravery of Mr. Peck?
5. Was his work a great work?
6. Where are Sunday-schools found now in our country?
7. Does this work owe anything to Mr. Peck?

LESSON III

HEZEKIAH JOHNSON

The Story of an Oregon Pioneer

Those were great days for boys who loved adventure—the days when Hezekiah Johnson was a boy. He lived in a way that we know little or nothing about, for he lived in the Kentucky forests a hundred years ago, when many pioneer families had followed the great hunter and explorer, Daniel Boone, into what was called the “dark and bloody ground,” because so many men, women, and children had been killed and scalped there by the Indians. Nowadays we fear no danger from red men or wild animals. We live in warm houses lighted by gas or electricity, sleep on soft beds, and wear tailor-made clothes. On the frontier a century ago, they lived mostly in one-room log cabins, lighted only by the log fire; sat on three-legged stools, ate at tables hewed from great logs, and slept (at least if boys) on piles of leaves or straw; while they wore clothing made of skins, Indian fashion, or of coarse homespun, with moccasins for shoes. It was just the life to make hardy and courageous boys—an outdoor life, with plenty of excitement, with swimming, fishing, and hunting, wild berrying in season, following the honey bees to their hives, and now and then getting within sight of a bear or a fighting warrior. Then there was work to do as soon as one got

big enough to help. When the clearing had been made, and the farming began, the small boy came in handy to follow the plow and drop in the seed. That gave an appetite for the daily corn dodgers and potatoes, and gave strength of body as well.

Hezekiah Johnson was born in Maryland in 1799—the year before George Washington died, and ten years before Abraham Lincoln was born. His early life makes us think of Lincoln's. Both boys belonged to pioneer families. The Lincolns went from Virginia to Kentucky, and thence to Indiana and Illinois. The Johnsons went from Maryland to Kentucky, and thence to Ohio, while Hezekiah did not stop moving westward until he finally reached the Pacific coast, in Oregon. Both boys belonged to Baptist families, and were brought up in Christian homes, in which the father would no more think of forgetting family prayers than he would of forgetting his breakfast. Both boys had much the same kind of education, getting it for themselves because they were bound to have it, with very little help in the way of schooling, but very much from the few good books they could lay their hands on. They both learned the Bible by heart—the greatest book in the world for education and interest—for it is full of history and poetry and lives of great men, all written in language strong and clear. As a result of this simple life and thorough reading of a few good books, both of these boys developed good healthy bodies, strong characters, and a remarkable use of language. Both kept their honest homespun qualities to the end, and while one of them was destined to world-wide fame, the other also did a noble work in his way, if not so renowned. Our country would be poor, indeed, had there been no log-cabin boys and hardy backwoodsmen

out of whom to make presidents and generals and home missionaries.

Liking books better than farm work, it speaks well for young Johnson's pluck that he became a teacher in a district school, one of the kind which Lincoln said took you no farther than the three "R's" (readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic). When he was about twenty, the Johnson family moved on from Kentucky into Ohio, where there was more attention to education. There the school work continued, and it looked as though the country school-teacher was settled for good. But life is full of surprises.

The Conversion and Call of Johnson

It was in 1834, when he was a man of thirty-five, that a wonderful change came to Hezekiah Johnson. He was converted. Now he had a new way of looking at things, and a new idea of life. He wanted to help everybody else to find this new way, and felt that he must tell them about it. So he began to preach, and as he was better educated than most of the backwoods preachers, and had a gift of speaking, he soon became popular, and was in great demand. Within a year he was ordained as a minister, and as there were many more places needing preaching than preachers to fill them, he had a large circuit.

He was greatly interested in missions, but at that time the Baptists in that region thought they ought to keep their money at home, what little they had, and let the Lord take care of the heathen as it pleased him. Once, when the zealous young minister preached a strong missionary sermon, the deacons were so angry that they put a padlock on the door of the meeting-house, and said

he should preach there no more. But they could not stop the parson in that way. He preached in a near-by farmhouse, and was so persuasive that he won the people over, and the padlock was taken off. The Baptists who do not believe in home and foreign missions to-day are so few that they are not worth counting, while the Baptist missionaries have carried the gospel into pretty nearly every part of the world. Hezekiah Johnson was to be one of them.

They were busy in every new-settling section of our own land, and when the American Baptist Home Mission Society was established in New York City, in 1832, there was an organization to send the missionaries where they were most needed and help to support them until the churches they planted could take care of them. In this way nearly all of the largest churches to-day in the most important cities of the great West were established. This was the kind of missionary work Johnson wanted to do; and in 1839 he was sent by the Society to Iowa, where for five years he led a varied life. The churches he served were long distances apart, and as it was before the days of railroads, he had to travel on foot or horseback. There were few sheltering groves then, and in winter he had to make his way many miles across the plains in the teeth of the fierce prairie winds. His salary was so small that in order to support his family he had to do some farming, while his good wife learned how to make a little go a long way.

The work in Iowa was so successful that when, in 1844, the Home Mission Society wanted a missionary for far-off Oregon, Johnson was asked to go, and gladly consented, for he had been attracted to that great Northwest. There were exciting times out there, for England

was disputing with the United States about boundary lines, and the people in Oregon did not quite know whether they were subjects of Great Britain or citizens of the United States. Johnson was a patriotic American—just the kind of man to help build a great State. He was to have the munificent salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year from the Society, with four hundred dollars for traveling expenses!

The First Baptist Meeting-house on the Pacific Coast

He set out with about thirty other families, following the famous Whitman route. Each family had two of the great emigrant wagons, drawn by oxen; for they were too poor to buy horses.

Think what a journey that must have been! The oxen moved so slowly over the rough trail that it took the little company six long months to reach Oregon. All that time they lived cramped and huddled in the canvas-covered wagons, which jolted terribly over the rough paths. Water was often scarce, and their chief food was buffalo meat, though there was occasionally a variety of game. When they had any extra meat, they broiled it or dried it in the sun, and stored it away for future use. They were in constant danger from the Indians, for most of the tribes were then hostile; but, fortunately, there were no serious encounters with them. It was a thankful party that arrived in Oregon at last. We can go around the world now very much more easily than they made that journey from Iowa to the Pacific, and very much quicker too. It is a long way in thought from the Pullman sleeper to the emigrant wagon; but usually the harder the conditions the greater the pluck and endurance.

In the first letter which he wrote to the Home Mis-

sion Society in New York from Oregon, under date of December 19, 1845, fourteen years before Oregon became a State of the Union, Johnson wrote of the country and conditions as follows:

“After a tedious journey of more than six months I have reached here. My family came by water (on the Columbia River), I came by land from the Dalles with my cattle. (This had been declared to be impossible, but the missionary proved that it could be done by doing it.) When I came my money was spent, and my family needed clothes and provisions. So I had to stop for a while. I am satisfied that this country is better than I expected to find it. The soil here is more invariably rich than any other I have ever seen. The country is not good for corn, but for wheat and many other things raised in the Mississippi Valley it far exceeds any part of that valley in which I have resided. Wheat is not injured here by freezing in winter, or rust in summer. There are several settlements of emigrants on the Columbia. They are settled from the plains west of this seventy-five miles or more up the Willamette Valley. The city is rapidly improving (Oregon City), and other towns are starting in various sections. I have heard of but one Baptist minister, hence you may see that we have enough to do, and have come none too soon. There has been but one sermon preached by a Baptist in this place. I hope that we will get a lot for a meeting-house and a foothold here before we are forestalled. I shall have to labor some for the support of my family, yet I hope to do my duty as a minister.”

That was the pioneer missionary spirit. He had to do some farming to keep his family alive, yet was busy about his missionary work. He found that the man who

owned most of the land in Oregon City was going to give some lots for Protestant churches, and secured the first selection for meeting-house and parsonage. "I wish no better," he says. Then he raised three hundred and fifty dollars for the small house, the first meeting-house built on the Pacific coast, and with seven members the Baptist church of Oregon City started on its career. The Home Mission Society gave some assistance, and the missionary set about building more churches. At Portland, which was only a hamlet then, he saw a future city, and desired a lot for a meeting-house. He found just the lot, but had no money to buy it with. There was no time to be lost, so he offered his pony for the lot, and when the offer was accepted, dismounted and made his way home on foot. He needed the pony in his work, but thought the lot more necessary. That lot was afterward sold by the Portland church—for a church was established there. It was a great mistake to sell it; for the lot, which was bought for a pony, has been sold in the last few years for several hundred thousand dollars, and is in the heart of the business section of Portland to-day. But Oregon, in that day, was an almost unbroken wilderness. Travel was on ponies or in Indian canoes or other small river craft. Only a few men foresaw that a great State was to be built up there.

In Oregon, Hezekiah Johnson continued to labor for twenty-one years, organizing churches and starting them on a successful career. He was a great man for missions, for temperance, and for abolition, which he saw accomplished before his death in 1866. His wife shared with him the privations and hardships and duties, and never flinched. Their children have been like them in character; and it is to such men and women as this that our country owes its liberty and prosperity.

Questions

1. Where was the "Oregon country"?
2. What do you know about the "trail"?
3. Who was Hezekiah Johnson?
4. Tell the story of his conversion and call to religious work.
5. Who built the first Baptist meeting-house on the Pacific coast?
6. Tell the story of this meeting-house.
7. What is pioneer mission work?

LESSON IV

HENRY BENJAMIN WHIPPLE

A Friend and Guide of the Indians

One day, in a little village in the northern part of New York State, a boy of ten was going home quietly when he saw a bully, much older and larger than himself, fighting a little fellow half his size. Not thinking this a fair fight, the boy attacked the larger one, and, after a pretty stiff encounter, went home triumphant, but with torn clothes and bloody face. When his anxious mother asked him why he was in such dreadful condition, he answered, "Yes, I know it's bad, but you ought to see the other fellow!" And when his mother learned the whole of the story, she knew that her boy possessed some of the fine qualities that were to make him a good and helpful and beloved man, a friend of the helpless.

The boy was Benjamin Whipple, and he was born in Jefferson County, New York, in 1822. He was carefully brought up in a refined Christian home, went to boarding-school in Clinton, a beautiful village, and then to Oberlin College. But his health failed, and he left college and went into business and politics. When his health improved, he decided to enter the Episcopal ministry, and after his studies were finished began his work at Rome, New York. From there he went to Florida, where he became greatly interested in the Negroes. The weaker

and needy peoples always appealed to him. He took the side of the "under dog." By and by he found himself in Chicago, where he established a new church, gathering in the people from the streets, visiting the saloons and shops and factories and inviting men to come to his meetings. There were a great many railroad men in the neighborhood, and he wanted to reach them in some way. In telling the story of his life, which he did in the most interesting way, he says:

"I called on William McAlpine, the chief engineer of the Galena Railway, to ask his advice as to the best way to reach the operatives, for there were hundreds of railway men in Chicago."

Mr. McAlpine asked, "How much do you know about a steam engine?"

"Nothing," I replied.

"Then," he said, "read Lardner's 'Railway Economy' until you are able to ask an engineer a question about a locomotive, and he not think you a fool."

"I followed his advice, and in due season went to the roundhouse of the Galena Railway, where I found a number of engineers standing by a locomotive which the firemen were cleaning. Observing that it was a Taunton engine with inside connections, I asked at a venture, 'Which do you like the better, inside or outside connections?' This was followed by questions about steam heaters and variable exhausts, and in less than half an hour I was taught far more than I had learned from my book. In leaving, I said, 'Boys, where do you go to church? I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall, where I shall be glad to see you, and if at any time you have an accident or need me, I will gladly go to you.' The following Sunday every man was in church."

The Good Bishop of Minnesota

It was in 1859, when he was elected bishop of Minnesota, that he entered upon the greatest work of his life. His zealous spirit and great heart had made him widely known, and it was not strange that the church should place him in the office of bishop in a diocese where there was plenty of frontier missionary work to be done. Besides the white population, which was rapidly growing, there were about twenty thousand Indians in his diocese—Chippewas, Sioux, and Winnebagoes. At once he interested himself in them, visiting their reservations and learning for himself what the conditions were. He found these very bad, for the Indians had been driven from their hunting grounds, most of their land had been taken from them unjustly, the liquor trade had been started among them, ruining their health and manhood, and other vices had been introduced among them by the white men, who cheated and misused them. More than that, the government had broken its treaties with them, and the money promised them was either spent before it reached them, or was used to encourage them in drunkenness and vice. Bishop Whipple decided to become their champion, no matter what it might cost him of popularity, or even safety. The Indians needed some one to plead their cause with the government, and since there was no one else to do it, he undertook it. It was the boy championing the weaker boy over again. And he did it nobly, and in such effective manner that many of the Indians' wrongs were righted. He had such a charming personality that he could transform enemies into friends, if he could only get a chance to meet them. After the Indian outbreaks in Minnesota in 1862, when the bishop took the part of the Indians, he was urged not to make

his most serious charges against the government for its wrong-doing. He only said: "The charges are true, and the nation needs to know them! And so help me, God, I will tell them, if I am shot the next minute!" His bravery won the admiration of the hardy frontiersmen. Some of them declared their purpose to go down to Faribault (the bishop's headquarters) and clean out that bishop. Whereupon, Captain Wilkins, who knew both them and the bishop, said, "Boys, you don't know the bishop; but I do; he is my neighbor, and I will tell you what will happen when you go down to 'clean him out.' He will come out on to the piazza and talk to you five minutes, and you will wonder how you ever made such fools of yourselves." The trip was not undertaken; and, although there was strong opposition to his views, the bishop won at length. Men came to see that he was right, and a better Indian policy gradually prevailed, due not a little to the splendid advocacy of the cause by this fine, able, devoted, and fearless man.

Bishop Whipple had novel and exciting experiences in plenty. He was lost in prairie blizzards; roughed it day after day on the plains, taking things as he found them, and always glad when he could preach the gospel to those who were hungry for it. He was full of tact, knew how to deal with all sorts and conditions of men, was a scholar who loved books and culture, but never made people feel that he felt any sense of superiority. He was a gentleman through and through, and everybody felt that. Perhaps the highest compliment he received on the border was this, given him by a frontiersman. "There are two kinds of preaching, one with the lips, and one with the life; and life-preaching doesn't rub out."

In order to be of most service, Bishop Whipple added

tooth-pulling to his other accomplishments, and also practised medicine in simple ways. In his reminiscences, he says:

“Wibidakosi”

“After the service a chief came to me, and, with his hand on his cheek, said, ‘Wibidakosi.’ With a not unmingled sensation I boldly answered, ‘I will help you.’ He opened his mouth and, to my dismay, I saw that the sick tooth was a large molar on the upper jaw. But ‘in for a penny, in for a pound.’ It was a comfort to remember that Indians never show signs of pain, no matter how great the agony. I followed to the letter all the good doctor’s directions, and I did *pull*. In spite of appearances, I knew it was the ‘ligaments’ and not an artery that I had cut, but I used salt as heroically as I did the forceps, and it was with no small degree of satisfaction that I heard the old chief telling his people that ‘Kichimekade-wiconaye was a great medicine-man.’”

Bishop Whipple believed thoroughly in the Indians, in their honesty and sincerity and kindness when rightly treated; and they believed in him. He tried to show them that fire-water was their greatest enemy. He tells us that at one council he spoke against rum and its use, and the head chief, who liked it pretty well, and was a cunning orator, thought to confuse him. The chief said:

“You said to-day that the Great Spirit made the world and all things in the world. If he did, he made the fire-water. Surely he will not be angry with his red children for drinking a little of what he has made.”

Bishop Whipple answered:

“My red brother is wise chief; but wise men sometimes say foolish things. The Great Spirit did not make

the fire-water. If my brother will show me a brook of fire-water, I will drink of it with him. The Great Spirit made the corn and the wheat, and put into them that which makes a man strong. The devil showed the white man how to change this good food of God into what will make a man crazy." The Indians shouted, 'Ho! Ho! Ho!' and the chief was silenced."

A Man Among Men

Bishop Whipple built up a great diocese, which forms his best monument. He was a man among men. All classes liked him. He visited Europe and was honored by the great universities. But his heart was in his work in Minnesota, and he was never so happy as when in the field, even down to his last days, when his body was too weak for the trying task. The happy people are those who are helping others.

One of his favorite stories was that of his stage-coach interview, which illustrates the tactful way in which he led men to think of larger and higher things. This may well conclude our brief sketch:

"In the early days of my episcopate I often traveled by stagecoach, and my favorite seat was beside the driver. On one of these journeys from St. Cloud to Crow Wing, the driver struck one of the wheel horses, who was shirking his duty, accompanying the blow with a fearful curse. There were three passengers on top of the coach, and waiting until they were absorbed in conversation, I leaned toward the driver and said:

"'Andrew, does Bob understand English?'

"'What do you mean, bishop?' was the response. 'Are you chaffing me?'

"'No,' I answered; 'I really want to know why the

whip was not sufficient for Bob, or was it necessary to damn him?'

"The man laughed and answered, 'I don't say it's right, but we stage-drivers all swear.'

"'Do you know what it is to be a stage-driver?' I asked.

"'I ought to know,' was the reply. 'I've done it all my life; it's driving four horses.'

"'Do you think that is all?' I asked.

"'Well, it's all I have ever found in it,' was the reply.

"I said, 'Andrew, there is a Civil War going on, and men are fighting on the Potomac. There are five hundred troops at Fort Ripley, and there is no telegraph. There may be an order in this mailbag for these troops to go to the front. If they get there before the next battle, we may win it; if not, we may lose it. When you go down to-morrow there may be a draft in the mailbag for a merchant to pay his note in St. Paul. If the St. Paul man receives the draft, he will pay his note in Chicago, and the Chicago man in turn can pay his note in New York. But, if this draft does not go through, some one may fail and cause other failures, and a panic may ensue. Andrew, you are the man whom God, in his providence, has put here to see that all this goes straight, and it is my opinion that you can do better than to use his name in cursing your horses.'

"The man said nothing for some time, and then, looking earnestly into my face, he said:

"'Bishop, you've given me a new idea. I never thought of the thing in that way and, God helping me, I will never use another oath.'"

"It changed the current of the man's life, and he became an upright and respected citizen."

The bishop had a gospel message for man, woman, and child, rich or poor, white, black, red, or brown. "All men's friend"—that is a noble thing to be.

Questions

1. Why do the Indians especially need our friendship?
2. Who was one of the great friends of the Indians?
3. Where was Whipple born?
4. How did he come to go as missionary to the Indians?
5. What does "Wibidakosi" mean?
6. Tell what a great chief said about drinking.
7. What did Bishop Whipple answer?

LESSON V

TIMOTHY R. CRESSEY

A Typical Pioneer Missionary

It is not easy to realize that in 1854 Minnesota was both "way out West" and "way up North," but so it was, and a frontier State, with plenty of Indians and rough frontiersmen. In the summer of that year a Baptist minister, who was the missionary pastor at St. Paul, a little town on the Mississippi, was out walking along the shores of Lake Pepin, when he was met by a war party of a dozen Sioux Indians. They had been over into Wisconsin after Chippewa scalps, but instead of taking some, had lost two. They were thoroughly out of sorts with themselves and all the world. All were drunk but one, it being an invariable rule with Indians that one shall remain sober. One of the drunken Indians snatched for the missionary's watch and got hold of it, but the missionary wrenched it from him. The sober Indian interfered, and bade the missionary go on. He was glad to do so, but had gone only a few rods when he heard the dread warwhoop and, looking back, saw that the watch-wanting Indian had broken from the other, and with upraised tomahawk was bounding toward him ready to strike. Only an instant of life seemed to remain; it was spent in prayer. Suddenly the tomahawk was lowered; the man came up quietly, renewed his request, but was speedily

again taken in hand by the sober Indian ; the missionary's life was spared.

Is it any wonder that the missionary believed in a special Providence that was watching over him and protecting him?

Nor was this the first time he had felt assured of the same divine watchcare, as will appear later on in this story. Timothy R. Cressey would never have been out in Minnesota as a missionary preacher if he had not believed with all his heart that God called him there, and that nothing could really harm a man when he was doing his duty.

The Call of the Unknown West

Some of the brightest and best educated young ministers, back in the early part of the nineteenth century, heard the call of the great and unknown West for the gospel. Timothy R. Cressey was one of these young men. He was a student in Amherst College, where he was graduated in 1828, when he dedicated himself to this home missionary work. He went to Newton Theological Institution, and on leaving, in 1830, still had this purpose, although he accepted a call to a first pastorate in South Boston, and remained there five years. Then his desire to be a pioneer was to be realized. He went to Columbus, Ohio, first, the capital of the State, and built up a church there. Interested deeply in educational matters, he was active in the beginnings of Denison University at Granville. He married the daughter of Jonathan Going, the big, six-foot Scotch-Yankee minister, who was one of the founders of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and who became president of the Granville institution. From Ohio, Mr. Cressey went a little farther west

to Indianapolis, and in Indiana helped the educational institution started at Franklin. He was known in all the region for his ability and missionary zeal.

Always the pioneer spirit impelled him onward, as it did Johnson, and Fisher, and Chandler, and many others who, like Peary, could not be contented as long as there was undiscovered territory beyond, although their purpose was not merely discovery, but recovery for the kingdom of righteousness. So it was with gladness that, in 1852, Mr. Cressey made the two weeks' journey from Indianapolis to St. Paul, which was then a growing town of three thousand people, among whom were many Indians, half-breeds, and frontiersmen of the worst sort, together with people of the best sort. Proof of this is found in the fact that although the "city" government had been organized less than two years, no vessels were allowed to arrive or depart on Sunday.

Mr. Cressey might have gone southward into Kentucky instead of to the Northwest, had it not been for his principles and his insistence upon saying what he thought regardless of consequences. He made a missionary tour into Kentucky, and in the leading city of that State he was approached by a committee who offered him a church and large salary if he would become its pastor. There was but one condition, and that was silence upon the subject of slavery, which was then agitated. Mr. Cressey told them that he was an abolitionist, and would not, for any price, give up his freedom of utterance on any subject. That ended the Southern matter. His work lay in another section, which needed just such men of courage and conviction. He was a man who would not trifle with his conscience, nor keep from rebuking what he thought wrong.

A Good Writer as Well as a Great Missionary

An eloquent preacher and good writer, the missionary soon made himself felt in St. Paul, and presently had the territorial governor and his wife in the growing congregation of the First Baptist Church. Churches were organized in Minneapolis, which was starting on the opposite side of the river a few miles down, and other points, and presently a school was projected, for Mr. Cressey believed that a Christian school was essential to the right development of the community. He secured land and went East to solicit money for a school at Hastings, and kept at this work for several years, fostering the ideas which later led, doubtless, to the founding of Pillsbury Academy, the fine preparatory school of the Baptists in Minnesota to-day.

After two years of the church work in St. Paul, the missionary decided that others could carry it on, but that his duty lay in preaching the gospel in the destitute places, gathering the people together wherever possible, and organizing churches. This was absolutely pioneer work. There was no one before him. He gave himself to the work with unsurpassed devotion and self-sacrifice. At times, writes his son, Rev. Frank B. Cressey, his life was endangered, at others directly threatened. The incident of the Indian encounter has already been given. Here are two or three others which indicate his experiences and exposures:

During the summer of 1854 he had no horse, and was obliged to do much of his journeying on foot. Having heard of a half-dozen families that had moved in some twenty miles from the Mississippi, he started (from Wabash perhaps) early one morning to go and see them. The day proved one of the hottest in July. His way led

across the open prairie, the road a mere "bridle-path." All day long not a tree or house or person was seen, not a drop of water discovered. At noon he ate his dry lunch as best he could. By the middle of the afternoon he became conscious of sunstroke, but still pushed staggeringly on. At last he could go no farther. He fell to his knees, and with visions of death crowding on him tried to pray. Then he became unconscious. In that condition a man from the settlement he was trying to reach found him an hour or two later. Then, after an hour's ride in a springless, strawless ox-cart, a place of kind care was reached.

In a Snowstorm, and the Way Out

During the winter of 1854-1855, a horse having meanwhile been secured, Mr. Cressey was on his way to Cannon Falls on horseback. Sunset found him four miles to the north of the village in the beginning of a heavy snowstorm. He put spurs to his horse lest he perish in the storm. He rode hard for an hour, wondering why the village was not reached. Then, to his horror, he came on his own tracks in the snow; he had been traveling in a circle; he was lost! In the last glimmerings of the twilight he consulted his pocket compass. The needle seemed to point directly south, instead of north. He afterward said: "It was the greatest mental effort of my life to believe that the compass was really pointing north; but, believing it, the village was reached and my life was saved." When remonstrated with for such exposure and peril, he replied that he had promised God and the Home Mission Society to be there at that time, and that in all his life he had never missed an appointment.

When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Cressey, who

was an ardent Union man, as he had been from the first an advocate of the freedom of the slaves, became a chaplain in the army, serving with the Second Minnesota Regiment. It is a remarkable record that his five sons were also all in the army for some period of service. That is the type of patriotism that developed in the home of the pioneer missionary, where hardship and privation served to strengthen character. The children of such parents as Timothy Cressey and Josephine Going could not lack decisive qualities. Mr. Cressey died in 1870, at Des Moines, Iowa, aged seventy years.

In an open field, where once stood a house near Northfield, Minn., now stands a monument of Scotch granite, seven feet high, erected by the citizens of the place, and on it is the inscription: "The first public religious service in Northfield was held on this spot, August, 1854, led by Rev. T. R. Cressey, Baptist Missionary." Thus, in part, one of God's pioneer workers is remembered

Questions

1. What is a pioneer country?
2. What is a pioneer missionary?
3. Who was Timothy R. Cressey?
4. Tell how Mr. Cressey came to go to the far West.
5. What were some of the good deeds he did for that country?
6. Tell the story of the snowstorm in which he was caught.
7. What do you think of the bravery of such a man?

LESSON VI

ELIHU GUNN

Pioneer Days in Iowa and Kansas¹

“When your father and I were married, we had all our plans made to go out as missionaries to the East Indies, and it was an intense disappointment to us that the examining physicians decided I could not endure the tropical climate; yet, as I now look back on the work of our lives, I do not know but that we have done as much real missionary work as we would have accomplished had we gone to India.” So wrote Mrs. Gunn to one of her children a short time before her death in 1899, and all who knew their lives would fully agree with her.

When Elihu Gunn, just graduated from Madison (now Colgate) University, started with his bride, Amy Barker Barrett, of North Granville, New York, for Iowa, in 1849, as a missionary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, he was taking her to what was then almost an unknown country, and to all the hardships incident to frontier life. But they were not going blindly; they had weighed the matter carefully, and were giving their lives a willing, nay, a joyful sacrifice. Temperamentally they were wonderfully well fitted to work together—she, the merry-hearted, dainty, carefully reared

¹ For this daughter's story of the life of a pioneer missionary's family, the author is indebted to Mrs. Abby Gunn Baker, of Washington, D. C.

daughter of conservative Hicksite Quakers, a wife who, in all the years of incessant work and discouragement, never lost her happy faculty of finding a bright side to everything; he, the scion of one of the oldest of the Pilgrim families of Massachusetts, with all the austere, unmovable principles of his Puritan ancestors, and blessed with a patience and an indomitable perseverance which made impossibilities melt before him. Thus, differently constituted, yet both inspired by the one ambition to do the work God had given them, through all their lives, they were fortified by a deep and abiding affection for each other, which sweetened every sorrow that came and lightened every trial.

His First Pastorate

The first pastorate was at Keokuk, Iowa. Oh, that journey out there, when there were no railroads west of Buffalo, and when they took a primitive steamer over the Great Lakes to Chicago, and then across Illinois and down the Mississippi to their destination—a thriving river town just in the beginning of its commercial importance! The people were largely rough and uncultured, although the growing cattle and pork trade was bringing many men of wealth from the East, who, unfortunately, in coming, usually left their families and their religion behind them. There was no Baptist meeting-house in the town, and but seven known Baptists; while there were only one or two schools and few religious organizations of any kind. The houses were crude frame affairs, bathrooms were unheard-of luxuries, coal-oil lamps and candles supplied the place of gas and electric lights, and almost every other convenience of the modern household was wanting. Did these things discourage

them? Not a bit of it. The new minister went to work to find a room where he could preach, and then find people to fill it. The minister's wife busied herself in converting the barnlike house into a home.

In that place they remained nine years, and the missionary became a powerful influence in the town. He brought together a large congregation; he built a brick meeting-house, the best Baptist church edifice erected up to that time in the State. He maintained there a flourishing Sunday-school and prayer meeting. More than that, he was "Baptist bishop" for all the country round about. In every unchurched hamlet and school district he held services on week-day evenings; and every Sunday afternoon, summer and winter, he preached in some country schoolhouse or in the most centrally located farmhouse. It was a busy and often hard life, for the storms were frequently fierce and the distances long, but he was happy in it all. Indeed, he could not help being happy for he was aiding others.

Three sons and a daughter came to bless their home during these years. They brought a world of joy to the fond parents' hearts, and a world of care too; but how gladly the care was borne, and how little it weighed in comparison to the weight of woe they carried when their firstborn, fair-haired baby Benny, lay in his little rude coffin one bright summer day! "We have had the care of all the churches and some severe trials of poverty, but this is our first real sorrow," wrote the bereaved young mother. "It was so hard, so hard to leave our beautiful baby boy in that desolate, neglected graveyard; yet"—with the clear faith that never failed her—"we know he is not there, but in the arms of Him who said, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Sacrifice and Service

From Keokuk the family went to the little inland Dutch town of Pella. The Home Mission Society was establishing a denominational school there. Pastor Gunn was a college man, and he must go and put the training on a foundation that would make it a proper training place for the young men of the State in the future years; then, he must find the young men who were needed for students there. This was a stupendous task, to find both money and students, and it kept him much away from the school, and from home; but the wife took up the double duty which this imposed upon her quite as bravely as he did his burdens. She not only filled the place of both parents in the family, and that with two added children, but she became one of the teachers in the college, and kept a guiding hand on all its affairs during her husband's absence. Finally the Civil War, which was then raging, took away so many of the students that the school had to be closed, and President Gunn himself would have gone with his students as chaplain in the army had not an injury, received in his childhood, prevented his enlistment.

Immediately after leaving Pella he became pastor of the church at Mount Pleasant, and there he repeated on a larger scale the work he had done at Keokuk. He found the Baptists, few in number, worshiping in a small frame building, and having but little influence in the community. At the close of his eight years of service the church was as large and influential as any in the growing town, and had a handsome brick church edifice, all paid for. It was success, but at what sacrifice and toil!

"Mamma, I don't like mush and milk, and I hate

'lasses and bread; and it's always bread and 'lasses, or else mush and milk, always!" wailed the youngest daughter of the family one night in Mount Pleasant. The little mother must have had the keen sympathy of fellow-feeling, for she gathered the child in her arms as she replied, "Well, darling, mother doesn't like them very well, either, but just think of the beautiful church we are building. It really makes the 'lasses' taste good when we remember that the butter we might have is going into the bricks to build the church. Can't my little daughter remember that, and be happy because she is helping, even if she doesn't like the mush and milk?"

And it was more than the butter that went into the bricks of that church: it was tea and coffee for the father and mother; it was good clothes for all of them; and what was hardest of all for the minister, it was the new and helpful books which his studious soul longed for unutterably.

Such busy days as they were! The day hours were spent out among the people, and the night hours, which should have been given to sleep, were spent, many of them, by the preacher in his study; and by the wife, stitching away cheerily on the endless pile of family sewing. But the twilight often brought the father from the study—that sacred room in which father must never be disturbed, for in there he talked sometimes with God; in there he wrote the wonderful sermons which every child went with mother to hear twice every Sunday. In those twilight hours, while mother sat at the table under the big lamp and sewed, father told wondrous stories of when he was a boy, and of the wonderful farm and sugar orchard back in that most wonderful of all the States of the Union, Massachusetts. And some-

times the little mother would join in and tell of the beautiful hills in New York, and the luscious fruits, and all good things to eat which grew in that blessed State. Maybe there was homesickness in these two loyal souls, self-exiled from their native States, but certain it is that every one of their children believed that Massachusetts and New York must have brighter sunshine, greener grass, and lovelier days than any other commonwealths in the Union! And in those States they had oysters—*oysters!*—a delicacy these Western children had never seen, save in tin cans, and which the little mother scorned to compare with oysters in the shell direct from the shore. She missed them, I know, and one evening the staid, dignified minister made his children shout with laughter—and the mother had to laugh too, though she shook her head reprovably as she recognized the parody—when he droned out—for he never could sing a note:

Far out upon the prairies
Where many children dwell,
They never taste an oyster,
Nor smell an oyster shell.

If Missionary Gunn was “bishop” of the country churches around Keokuk, he certainly had a far larger bishopric around Mount Pleasant, with so many shepherdless people depending upon him. Long drives were made each Sunday afternoon, to district schoolhouses, where preaching services were held, and for weeks at a time revival services were conducted nightly, the minister making these drives, no matter what the weather, often reaching home after midnight in a blinding rain-storm, or a bitter sleet, with his weary beast to care for before he could think of his more weary self. In

this way he organized and nurtured through their infancy the greater number of all the village and country churches which came into existence in that part of Iowa during those years. It was a great work for one man to do.

His Work in the Sunflower State

But it was in Kansas that he was to do his greatest work. Leaving Iowa in 1870, he took his family to the Sunflower State, where, in the twenty-five years following, he was pastor at Atchison and Fort Scott, and where, for a time, he was a general missionary for Kansas, and also for Nebraska, his duties reaching over at times also into Missouri and Iowa. What busy, hard-working years they were for the pastor's wife, as well as for the pastor. He had his sermons to prepare and preach, of course; his prayer meetings to attend, and calls to make; but this was by no means all. It was frontier country, and involved the experiences of frontier life. If anything was needed in the house, he or his resourceful wife must put it there. If the roof leaked, he shingled it; if the doors sagged, or the window-panes were broken, he turned carpenter or glazier, as the case might need. If clothing wore out, the pastor's wife must replace it—usually by turning and re-turning the old. If there were sickness in the parish, where was such a nurse as the pastor's wife? If there were trouble in the home, who so willing to come any hour of the day or night as the pastor himself?

And company! "Given to hospitality" was part of the creed of their daily life, and the visitor was ever present with them. "You are to have the prophet's chamber," the brightest and best room in the house, the

mother told her little daughters when they moved into a new home, "and when God sends one of his ministers to us, one who is his prophet, you know, you can come and sleep in the trundle bed in our room." And the little daughters usually slept in the trundle bed.

It was at Atchison that a great sorrow came into their lives. The long, hard years of unceasing toil told heavily upon the little mother, and one cold, bitter winter night she sank unconscious under a dread stroke of paralysis. Oh, the agony of the days which followed for the poor pastor and his heart-broken children, and the unbounded joy in that home when mother could speak again, and her boys and girls could go into her darkened chamber! But for many long weary months her life hung as by a thread, and then there were other long lonely months when she was sent, with her youngest child, to the old home in the East for rest and recuperation. Following close came another trial, when the parents' ambition for their eldest son—"the brightest boy of the high school," his teacher had said—had to be set aside, and instead of going to college, as he and they had always hoped, he must bravely put his young shoulders under the family burden and help carry it, since it was too heavy for the missionary's inadequate salary.

Those "Grasshopper Years"

It was while Doctor Gunn was State missionary that the lean years, "the grasshopper years," came to Kansas. He had moved his family at that time to Lawrence, in order that the children might attend the State University. Traveling the length and breadth of the State, as his duties took him, he came into direct touch with the appalling need which the grasshoppers left in their wake.

For weeks before they came, the Kansas newspapers had told of the devastation they were making in the Western States, and their coming was feared. Then, one bright, hot, sunny afternoon, when waving green fields of corn and wheat bespoke a land of plenty, the face of the sun was darkened, and by innumerable millions the winged grasshoppers swept down upon the smiling fertile land, and in a few short days left it a desolate, brown, shriveled territory, with scarcely a green leaf or a blade of grass in all its expanse.

The want which followed can scarcely be told, nor the suffering of the succeeding winters. Of course the ill-paid, self-sacrificing ministers and their families throughout the State were almost the first to feel the effects of the calamity. Knowing this, the State missionary and his wife at once inaugurated plans for their relief. Through the Eastern denominational press, Doctor Gunn appealed for help for the ministry of the State; and to every woman's society, and to all her Eastern friends Mrs. Gunn wrote personally, laying the situation before them.

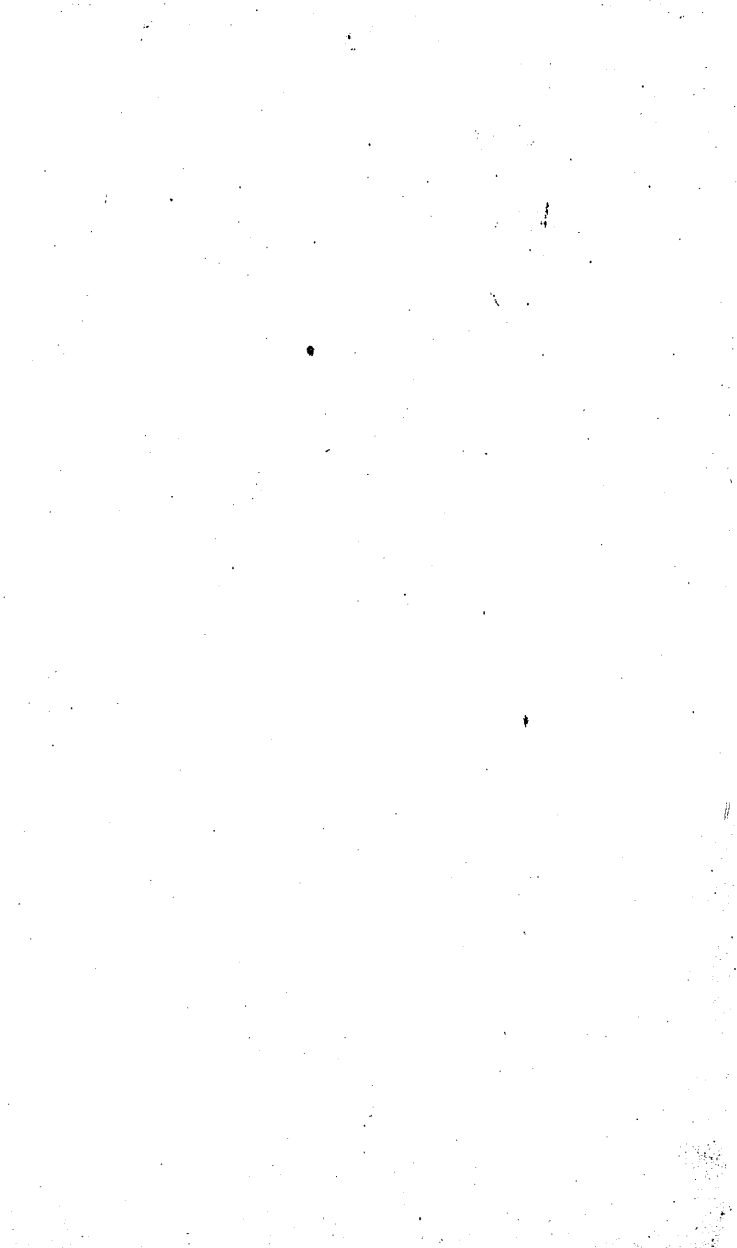
The generous response to these appeals put a world of work upon the missionary's wife, but she took it up gladly. Turning the lower part of the house into a receiving station, she took in the barrels and boxes of clothing and provisions which were sent, and with the help of her children assorted the contents and repacked them for the families to which they were to be forwarded. For many months she did little else than the work which this involved; but the letters of gratitude which she received from the suffering families, and the consciousness of the relief which she knew the boxes and barrels brought, far more than repaid her for the strength

and labor she gave. This was one of the unusual experiences of a home missionary's life.

Toward the last of their lives, after the marriage of their children, Doctor and Mrs. Gunn went back to Iowa for a few years. He was laboring at Fort Madison when the church at Keokuk, where he had his first pastorate, and for which he retained the strongest affection, became involved in a serious trouble that threatened to disrupt it. In this crisis the people turned unanimously to their old pastor, and begged him to come and heal the breach. This he succeeded in doing, and closed his ministry where he began it. With broken health and worn-out bodies they finally came back to Fort Scott, where their last days were spent in the home their sons had provided for them. They gave their lives a willing, nay, I repeat, a joyful sacrifice; and though dead, they yet speak through the churches they helped to establish in those middle Western States, and through the many lives they helped Godward. Verily, "they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Questions

1. Who was Elihu Gunn?
2. Where was he born?
3. Tell how he entered upon the work of the Lord.
4. Where was his first pastorate?
5. What were some of his sacrifices?
6. Tell of his work in the Sunflower State.
7. What were the "grasshopper" years?



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